

EVERYONE'S CHEERING THE HANGMAN EXCEPT NAZIS AND JAPS!

The HANGMAN

NO. 4

FALL 10¢

comics

MLJ



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



The

HANGMAN



THE SHADOW OF THE
GALLows, DREAD SYMBOL
OF THE HANGMAN, LOOMS
HIGH, WAITING FOR AN OCCU-
PANT, AND IT WON'T HAVE
LONG TO WAIT! FOR THE HUN-
TER, ARCH SLEUTH OF THE
GESTAPO, IS BACK ON THE
TRAIL AGAIN--A BLOOD-
STAINED TRAIL WITH MIL-
LIONS OF DOLLARS AT STAKE
AND DEATH LURKING BE-
HIND EVERY TREE!

IRVING
NEVEL K.

THE
TRAIL
BEGINS
AT THE
FOURTH
CITY
BANK...

AH! FINE MORNING, ISN'T IT? EXCEL-
LENT FOR FISHING....
BUT NOT FOR YOU, MR. SMITH. THE BOSS
WANTS TO SEE YOU...
AND CONFIDENTIAL-
LY, HE'S FIT TO
BE TIED!

SIX MINUTES LATE! YOU
BLASTED...! WHAT'S
THE BIG IDEA?

...I'M SORRY, MR.
HOWARD. ...I WAS
GETTING MY ROD
READY.. THE FISHING
SEASON, YOU KNOW..

IF YOU DON'T GET
DOWN TO BUSINESS, SMITH,
YOU'LL BE FISHING FOR A NEW
JOB! SO YOU'D BETTER MAKE UP
YOUR
MIND--

...I HAVE
MADE UP
MY MIND...

THE
WORM TURNS!

I'M THROUGH BEING YOUR
DOOR-MAT! KEEP YOUR
JOB! I'M LEAVING.. AND I'M
GOING TO FISH ALL
I PLEASE!

AND WITH THAT
MR. SMITH
GRABS HIS
BRIEF-CASE
--OR IS IT
HIS BRIEF-
CASE?

GOODBYE, YOU SLAVE DRIVER!
IF I NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN, IT'LL
BE TOO SOON!

WELL, I'LL BE--!

THE FLABBERGAST-
ED BANK PRESI-
DENT GETS AN-
OTHER SHOCK!

THE FOOL LEFT HIS
BRIEF-CASE.. AND
TOOK
MINE!



I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!
THERE'S ENOUGH EVIDENCE
IN THAT BRIEF-CASE TO SEND
ME UP THE RIVER FOR
A HUNDRED YEARS!

SUDDENLY: WE'RE FROM THE F.B.I.,
HOWARD. WE'VE GOT A
WARRANT TO SEARCH
YOUR OFFICE!

WHY, OF COURSE, GENTLE-
MEN, GO TO IT. FAR BE IT
FROM ME TO
IMPEDE THE COURSE OF
JUSTICE! SOMETHING
TELLS ME
HE'S LAUGHING
UP HIS
SLEEVE!

A man in a blue suit and white shirt, wearing a yellow wristband, is kneeling on an orange floor, looking down at a yellow book or folder he is holding. He is holding a red telephone receiver to his ear with his left hand. The background is orange.

A vintage illustration of two men in hats and coats standing in a room with a large arched window. A hand is reaching out from the right side of the frame, pointing towards the men. The man on the left is holding a small, colorful object in his pocket. The style is characteristic of mid-20th-century comic book art.

WITH BEATING IT WAS A
LESSING IN DISGUISE! SOME-
HOW THE F.B.I. HAVE GOT-
EN WISE TO ME.

HOW ARE YOU
DOING, JOE? ISN'T ANY-
WHERE
AROUND!

A high-contrast, graphic illustration of an elderly man with a deeply wrinkled face. He is holding his hand to his mouth, appearing distressed or exhausted. He is positioned in front of a bookshelf filled with books, with a large, stylized letter 'H' visible in the background.

WE'VE BEEN TRAILING
AND CHECKING YOU FOR A
LONG TIME, HOWARD. AND
TODAY WE GOT A TIP YOU HAD
SOME INTERESTING RECORDS.
A TIP FROM SOMEONE WHO
NEVER STEERED US WRONG
BEFORE,

WELL, THERE'S
ALWAYS A
FIRST TIME.
HA-HA-HA!

THE SCENE SHIFTS TO THELMA GORDON
AND BOB DICKERING AT A MID-TOWN
NEWSPAPER OFFICE -----

LOOKS LIKE THE F.B.I.
WALKED INTO SOMETHING!
A PHONY TIP,
I GUESS. SL

I WOULDN'T
KNOW. BUT
HOWARD'S

SLICK AS GREASE.
WOULDN'T BE A BAD
IDEA IF WE PAID HIM A
VISIT. MAYBE
HE'LL SLIP!

NEVER STEERED US WRONG BEFORE.

A cartoon-style illustration of a man with a mustache and receding hairline, wearing a blue and white striped shirt. He is looking down and to the left with a neutral expression. The background is a simple interior setting with a window and a red wall.

WALKED INTO SOMETHING!
A PHONY TIP,
I GUESS.

WOULDN'T
BE A NICE
IDEA IF WE
VISIT. MAYBE
HE'LL SLIP!

I SUSPECT IT'S THE HANGMAN
WHO WANTS TO TALK TO
HOWARD - NOT
BOB DICKERING!

COULD BE!

BUT THE HANGMAN HAS
GOTTEN INFORMATION
BEFORE, WHERE THE
POLICE HAVE FAILED

HOP IN,
THEL!

LATER, AT THE BANKER'S
RESIDENCE - -

PARDON ME MR. HOWARD,
BUT THERE'S A REPORTER
OUTSIDE. SHE - -

A REPORTER? YOU
KNOW WHAT
TO TELL
HER!

SORRY...AHEM...BUT MR.
HOWARD IS NOT AT HOME!

(I DIDN'T THINK HE
WOULD BE -
TO US.)

HOLD EVERYTHING! A
LIGHTED WINDOW....IT
WON'T HURT TO HAVE
A PEED THROUGH
THAT SLIT IN THE
CURTAIN!

JUST WHAT I THOUGHT! THE
OLD RUNAROUND!
THERE'S HOWARD
NOW!

WHAT'S
HE DO-
ING?

HE'S SURE ACTING
FUNNY FOR A
GUY WHO'S
SIMPLY POUR-
ING HIMSELF
A DRINK!

CALLING BERLIN!..
CALLING
BERLIN!.....



AGENT 35 CALLING.. THE SOUTH AMERICAN MEMORANDUM IS MISSING!.. ONE OF MY EMPLOYEES TOOK IT BY ERROR, BUT I DOUBT IF HE'LL EVEN LOOK AT IT!

AT THE OFFICE OF HEINRICH HIMMLER, HEAD OF THE GESTAPO...

DER BLUNDERER! WE WILL HAF TO CONTACT DER HUNTER, WHO IS IN DER U.S. NOW, TO RECOVER IT. FIND OUT DER NAME AND ADDRESS OF DER EMPLOYEE!

JA, HEER HIMMLER! WHO IS PER EMPLOYEE AND WHERE DOES HE LIEF?

JOHN SMITH, 44 WILLOW STREET, CENTERVILLE, NEW JERSEY... HE.. BLAST IT! THEY'VE GONE OFF THE AIR!...



AS HOWARD SHUTS OFF THE RADIO, HE HEARS A MUFFLED STEP, TURNS... AND....

THE... THE HANGMAN!



THE SAFEST THING FOR YOU TO DO IS TELL EVERYTHING. AMERICAN JUSTICE WILL GO A LOT EASIER WITH YOU THAN THE HUN'S!

YOU... YOU'RE RIGHT, I'LL TELL EVERYTHING!...



THELMA! THAT ARROW! NO.. I SAW
DID YOU SEE WHO NOTHING!...

SHOT IT?

HANG.. MAN
.... I...

HE'S PASSING OUT,
THELMA.. BUT HE'S
TRYING TO SAY
SOMETHING!...

MEMORANDUM.
BRIEFCASE...
SMITH.....
44 WILLOW ST.,
CENTERVILLE,
N.J. HE.....
AARRGH.....

CALL THE
POLICE, THELMA.
I'M GOING TO THE ADDRESS.
THERE ISN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE!

MEANWHILE, AT THE
HOME OF MR SMITH,
A STRANGE CALLER
APPEARS.....

GRACIOUS ME!
WHO.. WHO ARE
YOU?!

DER HUNTER!
AND I AM HUNTING
SOMEDING
YOUR HUSBAND.
HAH! OUT
OF DER
WAY, WOMAN!

THE EXPERIENCED
HANDS OF THE
HUNTER RAN-
SACK THE HOUSE...

WITH A STRIDE,
THE HUNTER AP-
PROACHES THE
TABLE

BAH! A RECIPE
FOR APPLE
STRUDEL!

RECIPE FOR
Apple Strudel
1 large flour
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup water

HE... HE WENT FISHING... THERE'S A BROOK... ABOUT THIRTY MILES NORTH.

SUDDENLY,

GOOT! UND NOW DOT INFORMATION DIES VID YOU!

OPERATOR! OPERATOR! GET THE POLICE! HURRY!

YOU CURSED MEDDLER! TAKE DOT!

GLUB... B... AGHR-R-R...

BLINDED AND CHOKING, THE HANGMAN STANDS HELPLESS BEFORE HIS MURDEROUS FOE!

AT LAST I, DER HUNTER, VILL KILL DER ONLY QUARRY WHO HAS EVER OUT-VITTED ME!

DER POLICE! I'D BETTER GO--- QUICK!



I WILL POSTPONE DER
HANGMAN'S FUNERAL
TO A LATER DATE!
FIRST COMES
HERR SMITH!

WOW! MY EYES
ARE BURNING UP!

MY STARS!

THAT WILD
MAN! DO YOUR
EYES HURT?

I'LL BE
OKAY IN A
MOMENT!

AFTER THE HANGMAN'S SIGHT
CLEAR'S UP...

SO YOUR HUSBAND'S GONE FISH-
ING! THAT MEANS THE HUNTER'S
GONE HUNTING! AND SO AM I!

DON'T LET THAT MONSTER
DO ANYTHING TO MY HU-
S-
B-
A-
N-
D-
H-
A-
N-
D-
M-
E-
H-
A-
N-
D-
W-
O-
R-
L-
D-
!

DON'T WORRY, NOT-
HING WILL HAPPEN
TO HIM--IF I CAN
HELP IT!

THAT'S A BIG PROMISE I GAVE
HER... HERE'S HOPING I CAN
KEEP IT!... THE HUNTER'S A
GENIUS AT STALKING!

I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND HOW THE HUNTER GOT HERE
SO SOON AFTER HOWARD RADIOED
BERLIN—UNLESS HIS ORIGINAL IN-
TENTION WAS TO STALK
AND KILL ME.

I THOUGHT CERTAIN-
LY HE WAS A CORPSE
WHEN I LEFT
HIM IN GERMANY.
WELL, I'LL HAVE
TO WATCH MY
STEP NOW!



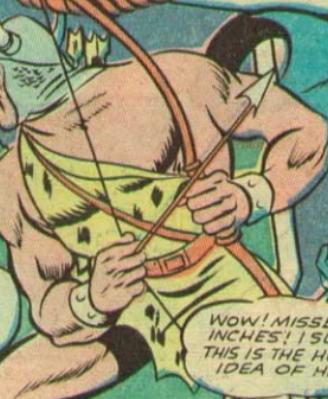
HE'S AS CUNNING AS THE DEVIL HIMSELF IN FORESTS OF ANY KIND!

TRUER WORDS, THE HANGMAN NEVER SPOKE!

THE NOOSE JERKS TIGHT AND YANKS THE HANGMAN SKYWARD!



RAUCOUS LAUGH-
TER RESOUNDS
THROUGH THE WOODS!



BUT SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS OUT AND THE ROPE FROM WHICH THE HANGMAN HANGS PARTS!

HE MUST HAFF BROUGHT REINFORCMENTS! CURSE HIM!

BUT BEFORE HE CAN TAKE AIM, ANOTHER BULLET WHISTLES UNCOMFORTABLY CLOSE!

VOT ISS?

IT'S A TRAP!... UND I ALMOST FELL FOR IT!

PLUNK

?

WHEW.... I NEVER WANT TO BE SO CLOSE TO DEATH AGAIN.

I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

WONDER WHO MY UNKNOWN SAVIOUR IS?

DID I GET IT?

GET WHAT?

THAT BIG BUCK DEER, OF COURSE!

OPEN HUNTING SEASON, EH? HE GOT AWAY.. FORTUNATELY FOR ME! THANKS A MILLION!



WHILE AT THAT MOMENT

HAH! DERE
HE IS!



MR. SMITH CASTS FOR TROUT--



SURE I DROP HIM,
YOU CAN HAFF HIM!

H-A-L-P!
I CAN'T
SWIM!...

HA, HA! YOU WON'T CHASE
ME NOW, HANGMAN. YOUR
DECADENT DEMOCRATIC
SPIRIT WON'T ALLOW A
MAN TO DROWN!



HE'S RIGHT - I
CAN'T LET SMITH
DROWN!

UPWARD AND OUT-
WARD HURLETS
THE HANGMAN,
ABOVE THE
RAGING
STREAM!



NOW HANG
ON TIGHT
WHILE
I PULL
MYSELF
BACK UP.

THAT
KILLER!
HE'S GONE!

BUT NOT FAR,
SMITTY! COME ON!
I'LL SHOW YOU!



AS THEY RACE
THROUGH THE WOODS
THEY STOP AT THE
SOUND OF A BLOOD
CURDLING SCREAM!

THAT'S THE VOICE OF
THE HUNTER...

WELL, THERE HE
IS. HE FELL FOR
MY TRAP THIS
TIME WITH
GRIMMER RESULTS
THAN I'D
RECKONED!

HE CAUGHT HIS NECK
IN A VINE - AND
HANGED HIMSELF!



FUNNY, THE HUNTER BEING
HIS OWN HANGMAN. WELL,
THIS TIME I'M SURE HE'S
CLAIMED HIS LAST
VICTIM!

NOW JUST WHERE ARE
THOSE PAPERS, SMITH?

BUT I TOLD THE
TRUTH. I
LEFT
THEM
HOME!

HOME AGAIN...

ARE YOU SURE YOU DIDN'T SEE
'EM, MYRA? SMALL SHEETS
OF FOOLSCAP.

WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO
IN THE FIRST PLACE? I
WROTE MY RECIPES ON
THE BACK
OF THEM!

GREAT
SCOTT!
HITLER
AND HIS
GANG OF THIEVES
TRANSACTION
A
FORTUNE THROUGH
HOWARD!

LATER...

The Chronicle
**HITLER'S TRANSACTIONS
EXPOSED**

BY THELMA GORDON

THE HANGMAN
TO DAY UNCOVERED.....

TRANSACTIONS
\$100,000 FOR BUND
\$100,000 TO BRAZIL FOR
\$100,000 MARKS TO
\$100,000 TO ARGENTINA
\$100,000 TO ATTAIN
\$100,000 FOR SABOT

The END

Special
Case
#11

DEATH LOOMS OVER THE MURKY WATERS-WATCHING AS THE SEA COUGHS UP ITS CARGO OF DEAD MEN. FOR THE SEA CAN BE A STRANGE AND HORRIBLE PLACE - AND SAILORS CAST OFF ANCHOR REALIZING THAT EACH CRUISE MAY BE THEIR LAST ONE. THIS IS THE STORY OF A DEATH CRUISE - WHERE A SCHOONER BECAME A FLOATING COFFIN IN MIDOCEAN ... FOLLOW THE HANGMAN AS HE FIGHTS A GRIM BATTLE AGAINST EVIL IN "THE CRUISE OF THE SKELETONS"

THE

HANGMAN

THE NIGHT IS DARK AND STORMY AS AN INNOCENT-LOOKING SCHOONER FIGHTS ITS WAY THROUGH THE WAVES...

SUDDENLY A COAST GUARD CUTTER MOVES ALONG-SIDE...

INSIDE THE CUTTER...

SAY, THOSE TWO MEN ON THE SCHOONER ARE MOTIONING TO US! PULL ALONG-SIDE! WE'RE BOARDING HER!

AYE-AYE-SIR!

AS THEY BOARD...

HOLY CATS! WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE?

IT WAS TROPICAL FEVER DID IT! FEVER WIRED OUT MY ENTIRE CREW... ALL BUT ME AND MY MATE!

FEVER, EH? TOO BAD... BUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR MATE? WHAT'S HE MAKING THOSE FUNNY MOTIONS FOR?

THE FEVER GOT 'IM TOO! HE'S DEAF AND DUMB!

LATER, AS THE COASTGUARDSMEN LEAVE:

GOOD DAY, SIR!

MIND YOU, I'M NOT ENTIRELY SATISFIED WITH YOUR STORY! I DON'T THINK YOU'VE HEARD THE LAST OF THIS!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, THELMA'S EDITOR SCANS A RIVAL NEWS-PAPER...

WELL, FOR THE LOVE OF... SCOOPED! I'LL GET THELMA WORKING ON THIS AT ONCE!

MYSTERY SCHOONER MAKES PORT: CREW OF SKELETONS CAPTAIN SAYS: "LOG BOOK LOST" MARINE BOARD TO INVESTIGATE

AND THE FOLLOWING MORNING
THELMA AND BOB DICKERING
ENTER THE MARINE INQUIRY
COURT...

THIS SHOULD BE
INTERESTING',
THEL!

HMM! LOOKS
LIKE THE
PROCEEDINGS
HAVE ALREADY
STARTED!

WILL CAPTAIN
MAUP TAKE
THE STAND?

...I TELL YOU THAT
TROPICAL FEVER KILLED
'EM. THE LOS BOOK WAS
LOST OVERBOARD... BUT
MY WORD'S GOOD
ENOUGH, AIN'T
IT?

VERY WELL, MAUP! IT AIN'T
NOW WELL HAVE NO USE.
YOUR MATE GIVE JUDGE THE
TESTIMONY: FEVER GOT
HIM TOO! HE CAN'T TALK
OR HEAR!

THE JURY DISCUSSES DECISION...

AND I THINK
THAT...

NO, NO! I TELL
YOU!

BUT,
GENTLEMEN,
PLEASE...

FINALLY, WE RULE
THAT THIS
CASE BE DIS-
MISSED BECAUSE
OF LACK OF
EVIDENCE!

WELL, I GUESS
THAT'S THAT, BOB.
I GUESS IT IS,
THELMA!

BUT THE
DECISION... WAIT.
I'M GOING
TO TALK TO CAPTAIN
MAUP MYSELF!

OH, CAPTAIN! I'M A
REPORTER! COULD YOU
GIVE ME SOME INFORM-
ATION FOR MY NEWS-
PAPER?



CAPT. MAUP WHIRLS AND...

GET AWAY FROM ME!
GET AWAY, BEFORE I...

MEANWHILE, BOB WATCHES
THE MATE...

HOLY HORSE!
LOOK AT HIM JUMP
WHEN THE HORN
BLEW!

BUT HE'S
SUPPOSED TO
BE DEAF! I'D
BETTER GET
TO WORK ON
THIS!



BOB RETURNS TO THELMA...

NOW YOU'LL BE A GOOD
GIRL AND RUN ALONG
HOME - I'VE...UH...GOT
AN APPOINT-
MENT, AN
IMPORT-
ANT
AP-
POINT-
MENT!

SO
LONG,
THELMA!

SOMEHOW I
WONDER IF MR.
BOB DICKERIN
ISN'T TRYING ONE
OF HIS OLD TRICKS
ON ME!

LATER...

I'VE
FOLLOWED
THEM FOR MORE
THAN A MILE AL-
READY. I WONDER
HOW MUCH FUR-
THER THEY'RE
GOING?



FINALLY THE MATE AND
CAPTAIN MAUP SEPARATE
AND THE MATE GOES TO
HIS SHABBY ROOM...

THEN LIKE A HARBINGER OF DOOM,
A BEAM OF LIGHT CUTS THROUGH
THE MURKY DARKNESS, AND THE
SOUL-CHILLING SYMBOL OF THE
HANGMAN IS VIVIDLY ETCHED
ACROSS THE MATE'S FACE - THE
GALLows...

YOU CAN DROP YOUR ACT
NOW. YOU'RE NO MORE
DEAF AND DUMB THAN I
AM. THERE'S SOMETHING
ROTTEN ABOUT THIS
WHOLE BUSINESS -
AND YOU'RE GOING TO
TELL ME!



THOSE DEATHS WEREN'T ACCIDENTS, WERE THEY? THEY WERE MURDERS! MURDERS COMMITTED BY YOU AND MAUP! MURDERS FOR WHICH YOU'LL HANG!

I DON'T WANNA HANG! NO! NO! I DIDN'T KILL 'EM! MAUP DID! THAT'S THE TRUTH, SO HELP ME! AND HE WOULDA KILLED ME, TOO, IF I HADN'T HID HIS LOG BOOK!

THAT LOG-BOOK IS IN THE CROW'S NEST, AND IT'S GOT ALL THE EVIDENCE YOU NEED. IT'S GOT MORE THAN THAT, TOO! IT TELLS...





HA, HA! THE FOOLS TRY
TO STOP ME. WILL THEY?
I'VE GOT MY LOG BOOK
BACK, ANOTHER CREW,
AND I'M ON MY WAY
AGAIN!

NOTHING CAN STOP ME,
NOTHING! I'LL GET TO
THAT ISLE OF LOST SHIPS
IF IT'S THE LAST THING
I DO!

AND AS THE CRAZED MAUP FINGERS
FEVERISHLY THROUGH THE PAGES,
ONCE AGAIN THE SYMBOL OF DOOM
APPEARS...

INSIDE THE SHIP...

I'LL
TAKE THAT,
MAUP!

CAPTAIN MAUP
FLINGS A MARLIN-
SPIKE...

NO, HANGMAN,
YOU'LL TAKE
THIS!

I SAID I'LL
TAKE THAT LOG
BOOK, MAUP.

AND I DON'T
WANT ANY
ARGUMENTS!

NOW TO GO TO THE
CONTROL ROOM
AND GET THIS
SHIP HEAD-
ED BACK
TO SHORE!

BAM

WHAM

SUDDENLY...

GRAB THAT GUY! HE WAS FIGHTING WITH THE CAPTAIN!

WAIT A MINUTE! HOLD IT, FELLOWS, YOU'VE GOT THIS WRONG!

YOU'RE SHIPPING WITH A MURDERER! MAUP'S WANTED BY THE POLICE!

IT'S NO USE, HANGMAN! YOU'RE LICKED! I'M THE LAW ON THIS SHIP — AND WHAT I SAY GOES! GRAB HIM, MEN!



OKAY, MAUP — IT LOOKS LIKE I'M LICKED...

...DOESN'T IT?



BULLETS RIP THROUGH THE BLACKNESS!

GET HIM! SHOOT HIM DOWN!

BUT THE HANGMAN IS ALREADY OUTSIDE...

OH OH! MORE GUYS IN MY WAY!

BANG!
BANG!

BUT NOT FOR LONG!



MORE MEN RUSH UP AND THE HANGMAN GOES TO WORK

LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO CLEAN UP THE WHOLE BUNCH OF YOU BEFORE YOU'LL LET ME PASS!

CAN'T YOU GUYS TAKE A HINT?



BUT MORE AND MORE MEN ENTER THE FIGHT AND FINALLY...

ONE MOVE AND I'LL SMASH YOUR HEAD RIGHT IN!



NOW, MR. HANGMAN - I'M GONNA TEACH YOU TO STICK YOUR NOSE INTO MY BUSINESS!



I'VE GOT YOUR FATE ALL PLANNED FOR YOU, HANGMAN! HEH HEH! AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR FATE IS GOING TO BE?



I'M THE LAW ON THIS SHIP — AND I'M GOING TO HAVE YOU HANGED!..HEH, HEH, HEH! I'M GOING TO BE YOUR HANGMAN! IT'S SO FUNNY...THAT I.. CAN'T STOP LAUGHING! STRING HIM UP!

GIVE ME A CHANCE TO HAVE MY SAY ' YOU SAILORS THINK YOU'RE GOING ON AN ORDINARY CRUISE, DON'T YOU? WELL, YOU'RE WRONG! DEAD WRONG!

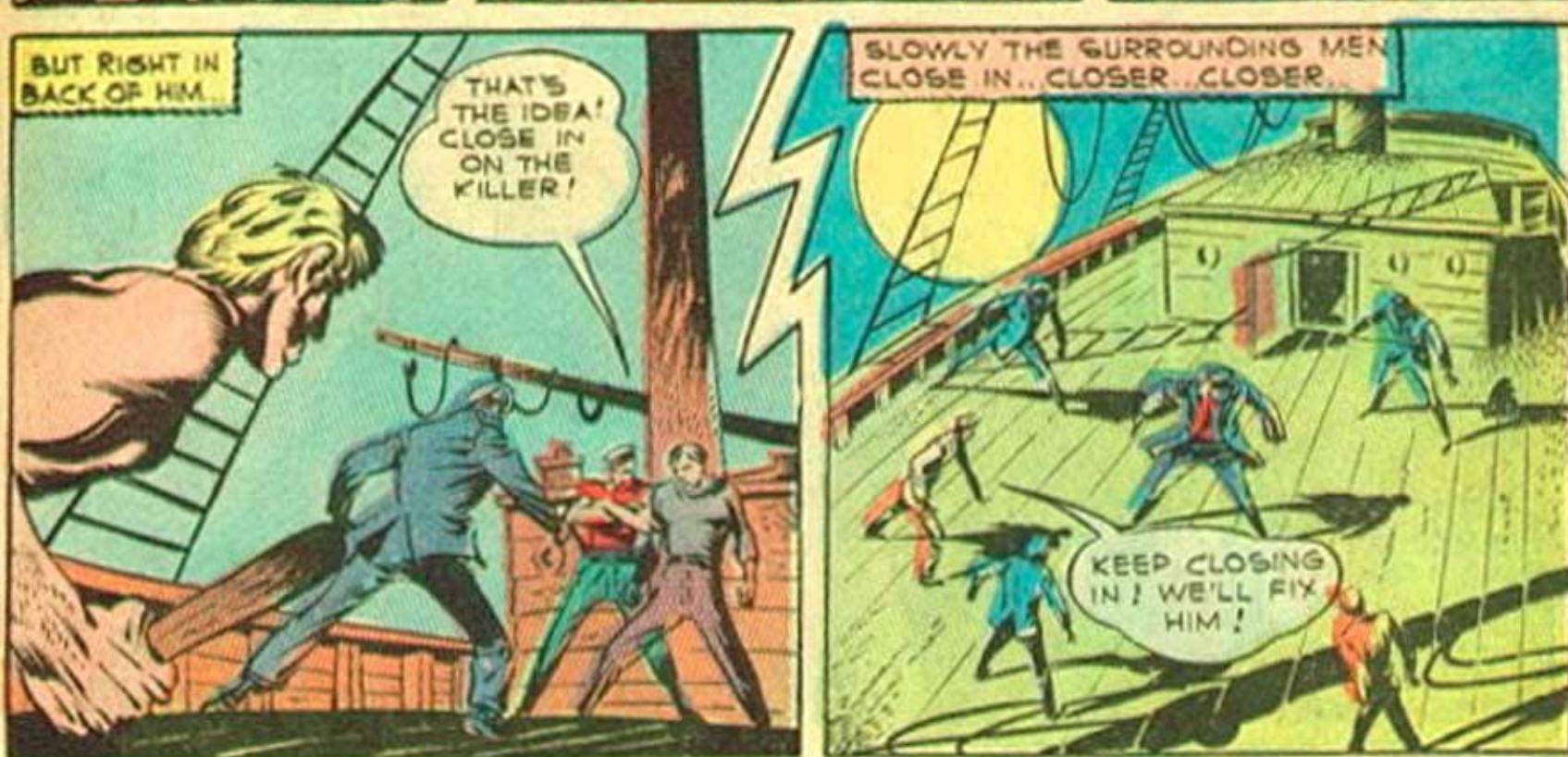


WAIT!



YOU'VE HEARD OF THE ISLE OF LOST SHIPS, HAVEN'T YOU? WELL, THAT'S WHERE THIS SHIP IS HEADED — ASK MAUP!







MAUP FALLS INTO THE WATER.

HE'S HALF UNCONSCIOUS FROM THE FALL. HE DOESN'T DESERVE IT - BUT I BETTER GIVE HIM A HAND!

BUT BEFORE THE HANGMAN CAN REACH HIM.

SPLASH

A SHARK!

AEEEEE!!!

THE HANGMAN IS HELPED INTO THE SHIP...

ON THE SHIP THE HANGMAN READS THE LOG BOOK...

THE ENTIRE STORY IS TOLD RIGHT IN THESE PAGES...

GRAB HOLD OF THIS ROPE, HANGMAN!

ONE DAY THEY CAME TO ME, COMPLAINING...

CAPTAIN, OUR FOOD AND WATER'S RUNNING OUT... AND THE MEN ARE DISCOURAGED! WE GOTTA TURN BACK!

I FIXED THEM! I LASHED THEM UNTIL THE BLOOD RAN, UNTIL THEY BEGGED AND SCREAMED FOR MERCY...

Every day we were getting closer to the Isle of Lost ships, with its wrecked crafts full of rich cargo. I knew we'd reach it soon. But my crew was getting restless, uneasy...

THAT SCARED THEM—MADE THEM KNOW THAT I WAS THE BOSS... NOW GET BACK TO YOUR STATIONS, AND DON'T COME WHINING TO ME AGAIN!

THEN, THREE DAYS LATER, THEY DID COME WHINING AGAIN, AND THIS TIME I DECIDED TO TEACH THEM A STRONGER LESSON...

"BUT THREE OF THEM RUSHED ME, AND I RAN TO MY CABIN..."

YOU SWINE! THIS TIME I'LL KILL YOU!

"WHERE I GOT MY MACHINE GUN AND RIDDLED THE RATS..."

DIE! HEH HEH HEH! ALL OF YOU!

THEN I TOOK THE REST OF THE WHINING CREW AND LOCKED 'EM UP IN THE DAMP AND SLIMY BRIG..."

NOW, YOU SWINE! LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE LIVING ON ONE CUP OF WATER AND ONE SLICE OF BREAD A DAY...

I taught 'em, all right. They died, all of them—with their tongues hanging out, and so skinny that their skin clung to their bones. The ones with bullets in 'em I threw overboard. I never found the Isle of lost ships. But all find it some day. lll find it some day.

THAT'S ALL IT SAYS! BUT MAUP'LL NEVER FIND HIS... ISLE OF LOST SHIPS NOW!

GREED MADE HIM A MURDERER—AND AS A MURDERER, HE DIED! THAT'S THE ETERNAL FATE OF ALL KILLERS—DEATH! IT'S A PITY THEY FIND OUT TOO LATE... THAT IT DOESN'T PAY!

The End

THE HANGMAN AND THE RETURN OF TYRANNOSAURUS REX

THIS IS THE HANGMAN'S STRANGEST CASE....ONCE AGAIN, THE HANGMAN BATTLES A KILLER...BUT THIS TIME THE KILLER IS AS BIG AS A CITY BLOCK AND AS STRONG AS A THOUSAND MEN! THIS KILLER CAN'T BE HARMED...FOR KNIVES AND GUNS AND CANNON CANNOT PIERCE HIS SCALY SKIN! AND THIS KILLER IS A MILLION YEARS OLD! READ THE STORY OF THE HANGMAN VERSUS TYRANNOSAURUS REX, NATURE'S MOST HORRIBLE CREATION!



AT THELMA GORDON'S APARTMENT...

IT'S SO UNBELIEV- I DON'T KNOW,
ABLE, BOB.. WHY, THELMA... DR.
THE TYRANNOSAURUS GONIG'S A
HAS BEEN EXTINCT/ VERY RELIABLE
FOR A MILLION SCIENTIST!
YEARS OR
MORE!

BUT THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.
DR. GONIG'S BOAT IS
DOCKING AT TWO
O'CLOCK, WE CAN
JUST MAKE IT!

I'M RIGHT
WITH YOU,
BOB !

EXTRA
EXTRAEXTRA

EXTRA
SCIENTIST FINDS
LIVE PREHISTORIC
MONSTER....
RETURNING TO
AMERICA TO-
DAY



AND AT THE DOCK....

HEY, BUD—
WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE? WHY IS
EVERYBODY STAND-
ING AROUND?

DON'T YOU READ NEWS-
PAPERS, MISTER? DR. GONIG'S
BRINGING BACK ONE O' THEM PRE-
HIST-ORIC MONSTERS FROM
AFRICA!

MINUTES LATER, DR. GONIG SPEAKS
TO THE CROWD....

I SUPPOSE YOU ALL WANT TO HEAR
ABOUT HOW I DISCOVERED THE TY-
RANNOSAURUS REX. I CAME UPON HIM
SUDDENLY IN A HIDDEN MOUNTAIN PASS
IN AFRICA... ONE GREAT REPTILE LEFT
OF ALL THOSE WHO ROAMED
THIS EARTH IN 1,000,000 B.C. !



...I WAS ABLE TO CAPTURE HIM
BECAUSE HE CAUGHT HIS FOOT IN A
GREVICE... AND HE'D PROBABLY BEEN
THERE FOR DAYS AND WAS WEAK
WITH HUNGER. OTHERWISE... WELL,
YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHEN YOU SEE
HIM! YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHY HE
WAS NAMED TYRANNOSAURUS REX:
LITERALLY... KING OF THE TERRIBLE
LIZARDS.

PLEASE STAND BACK NOW!
WAY BACK, PLEASE! THE
CRATE CONTAINING MY DIS-
COVERY IS BEING LOWERED!

SLOWLY THE HUGE CRATE IS
LOWERED TO THE GROUND...

GEE, LOOK AT
THE SIZE OF
THAT CRATE!

GREAT
SCOTT!



POLICEMEN PUSH BACK THE CROWD...

STAND BACK ! COME ON ! COME ON, GET BACK NOW !



AND AT THE EDGE OF THE CROWD...

THAT CRATE IS BIG, ISN'T IT, THEL?

ENORMOUS ! SOMEHOW IT MAKES ME FRIGHTENED....



SUDDENLY.. THE HEAVY SUSPENSION WIRES SNAP !

LOOK OUT !

S N A P



AND...

THE MONSTER IS LOOSE . . . ! ! !



MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN ARE CRUSHED UNDERFOOT AS THE HUGE MONSTER CHARGES FORWARD.....

AND SUDDENLY, THROUGH THE CROWD RUNS THE HANGMAN !

THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO ATTACK THAT MONSTER.. ! WAIT ! I'VE GOT IT !



QUICKLY, THE HANGMAN LEAPS INTO A NEARBY DOCK CRANE....

AND SETS THE GREAT MACHINE INTO MOTION....

THIS HAD BETTER WORK !

SURE HOPE MY AIM IS GOOD !

THE MACHINE FINDS ITS MARK....

BUT....



IT... DIDN'T EVEN HURT HIM, HE'S GOING TO CHARGE !



THE MONSTER SMASHES AGAINST THE DOCK CRANE, AND THE HANGMAN SAILS THROUGH THE AIR... RIGHT INTO THE WATER....

AND WHEN HE EMERGES.

THE TYRANNOSAURUS IS GONE !

GREAT CAESAR ! LOOK AT THE TEETH ON THIS CRANE SHOVEL... THEY'RE BENT RIGHT IN !



EMERGENCY SQUADS AND AMBULANCES COME TO THE
AID OF THE PEOPLE CRUSHED AND MANGLED BY THE
MONSTER.....

STEP IT UP, BILL! WE'VE
GOT TO WORK FAST TO
SAVE SOME OF THESE
PEOPLE!

I....KNOW, TOM!
OVER A HUNDRED
ARE DEAD ALREADY!

AND AS DAYS PASS, NEWSPAPER HEADLINES TELL A
HORRIBLE STORY.....

EXTRA DAILY
EXTRA BALTIMORE
MONSTER IN THE CITY

EXTRA SAN FRANCISCO TRIBUNE-POST

DETROIT 1
MONSTER IN
DETROIT
FACTORIES WRECKED
HUNDREDS KILLED

EXTRA

MONSTER
KILLS 150

AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON...
THE MONSTER MOVES THROUGH THE
UNITED STATES.... KILLING AND
SMASHING EVERYWHERE.....

MEANWHILE, THE HANGMAN
READS.... AND PONDERS....

I'VE GOT TO STOP THIS
SOMEHOW.... IN SOME WAY...
LET ME THINK! LET ME
THINK!



FUNNY... HIS GOING TO CITIES LIKE BALTIMORE AND DETROIT AND SAN FRANCISCO ! I WOULD HAVE EXPECTED HIM TO HEAD FOR SOME SWAMP LAND LIKE LOUISIANA, FOR INSTANCE.....

THEN MAYBE... NO, THAT'S FANTASTIC ! BUT THIS WHOLE BUSINESS IS FANTASTIC ! LET'S SEE NOW... HE WAS LAST SEEN IN PHILADELPHIA... NOW IF MY THEORY IS CORRECT...

HE OUGHT TO BE HEADED FOR CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY... WHERE THE WILLEX DEFENSE FACTORY IS LOCATED ! I'M GOING TO BEAT HIM THERE !



LATER AS HENRY SELLY, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE WILLEX FACTORY SITS AT HIS DESK...

SELLY TURNS AND....

THERE'S THE MAN I'VE GOT TO SEE !

WH...WHAT DO YOU WANT ?



YOUR PLANT IS IN GREAT DANGER ! THE TYRANNOSAURUS REX IS HEADED THIS WAY !

GOOD LORD ! WE'D BETTER WARN THE WORKERS AT ONCE !



THE HANGMAN ADDRESSES THE
WILLEX EMPLOYERS

... THE MONSTER'S ALREADY KILLED
A THOUSAND PEOPLE AND WRECKED
DOZENS OF BUILDINGS AND FACTORIES-
I NEED YOUR HELP TO DESTROY HIM.
I'M ASKING YOU TO RISK YOUR LIFE!
WILL YOU
HELP ME ?

DID YOU HEAR WHAT
HE SAID? A CRACK
AT THE MONSTER!

MY KID BROTHER
WAS KILLED WHEN
THAT BIG LIZARD
FIRST ESCAPED!

THEN WHAT ARE WE
WAITING FOR ?

LET'S
GET GOING!



THANKS, MEN! WE'LL ATTACK
THE MONSTER WITH TANKS....BE READY
FOR HIM AS SOON
AS HE APPEARS!



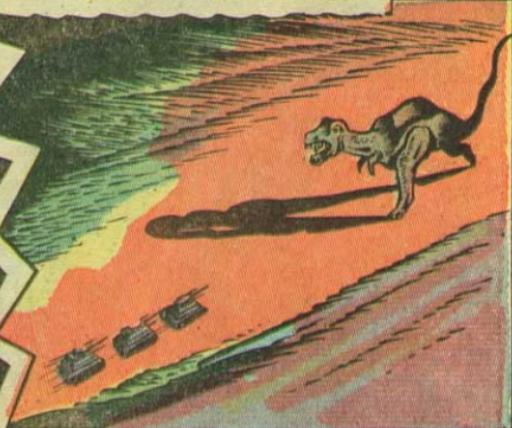
MINUTES LATER, A HUGE TANK ARMADA ROLLS
OUT TO MEET THE ENEMY....



....JUST IN TIME, FOR SUDENLY-AN EARTH-
SHATTERING ROAR.....



....AND THE STRANGEST BATTLE OF ANY WAR BEGINS
....MONSTER AGAINST MACHINES!



WITH A BLOOD-CURDLING ROAR, THE MONSTER RUSHES FORWARD....

A HAIL OF BULLETS MEETS HIM, BUT HE DOESN'T FALTER....

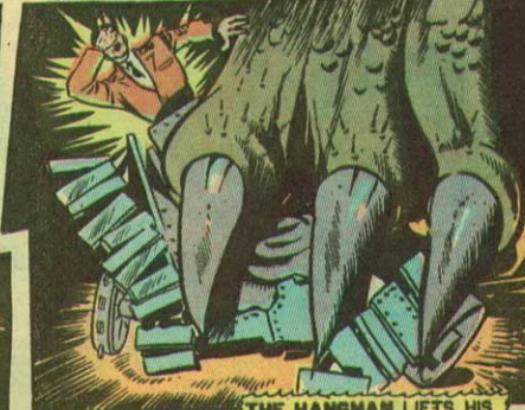
RRRRRRRR

GOOD LORD,
THE BULLETS
DON'T EVEN
HARM THE
MONSTER!

DEATH...FOR THE TANK DRIVERS, AS THE TYRANNOSAURUS'
MIGHTY TAIL AND CLAWS SMASH AND SPLINTER THE SMALL TANKS !



AND IN ONE OF THE TANKS...



THE HANGMAN LIFTS HIS
GUN AND....



HE'S KILLING THE
MEN AS FAST AS THEY
COME AT HIM ! I'VE GOT
TO DO SOMETHING
PRONTO !



OH, OH ! LOOKS
LIKE HE'S PICKED
ME FOR THE NEXT
CASUALTY !

MAYBE I'LL
CHANGE HIS
MIND !



BULLETS SMASH INTO THE MONSTER, BUT HIS CLAWS CONTINUE TO DESCEND...

AND AS THEY HIT THE TANK...

THE HANGMAN LANDS ON THE HARD GROUND....

..... MY
GUE TO GET
OUT OF HERE !

THEN, WHEN HE RISES TO A SITTING POSITION....

HOLY HANNAH !

WHAT'S THAT STUFF LEAKING OUT OF THE MONSTER'S PAW ?

IT'S... IT'S OIL ! THIS MONSTER'S A PHONY !

IT'S RUNNING AWAY !
I MUST HAVE SHATTERED AN OIL LINE !

RETREATING, PAL ?
WELL, I DON'T THINK YOU'LL GET VERY FAR !

NOW LET'S SEE
IF I CAN MOUNT
HIM !

HERE I
COME !

...READY...

JUST AS I THOUGHT ! THIS
EYE'S MADE OF GLASS !

...OR NOT !

THAT'S THE BOY. OPEN
YOUR MOUTH... SO I
CAN WALK RIGHT IN !

THE WHOLE THING'S CRYSTAL CLEAR TO ME
NOW ! NO WONDER THE MONSTER SHOWED UP
IN CITIES LIKE BALTIMORE AND ALL THOSE
OTHERS ! THEY'RE VITAL DEFENSE CITIES... AND
THE MONSTER DESTROYED FACTORIES AND
ARSENALS... I'M GOING TO PUT A STOP TO
THIS RIGHT NOW !

THE HANGMAN ENTERS
THE MOUTH....

WELL! LOOK
WHO'S DOWN THERE!

INSIDE THE TYRANNOSURUS...
DR. GONIG....

TH-THE HANG-
MAN'S NOOSE !



YES, THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE,
GONIG—THE SYMBOL OF YOUR
DOOM. AS A NAZI AND TRAITOR
TO YOUR COUNTRY—YOU'LL
DIE!

BUT I THINK I'LL
GIVE YOU A LITTLE
WORKING OVER FIRST!



A FOURTH NAZIS SNEAKS UP FROM
BEHIND, AND....

AND HERE'S A LITTLE
SOMETHING FOR YOU
BOYS !

INTERFERING
FOOL!



MEANWHILE, THE CONTROLS HAVE BEEN NEGLECTED, AND THE FAKE MONSTER RUSHES TOWARD ASTEEP PRECIPICE !

INSIDE . . .

SUDDENLY THE MONSTER LURCHES HALF OVER THE PRECIPICE AND THE NAZIS ARE HURTLING TO ONE CORNER . . .

ALL RIGHT, CARL ! PUT A BULLET THROUGH HIS HEAD !

VOT - VOT'S HAPPEN-
ING ?



THIS'LL SERVE AS AN ARMOR WHEN WE FALL !

THE NAZIS REACH THE OTHER END
OF THE MECHANICAL MONSTER...

BUT...

WE'RE FALLING!

NOW VE VILL
BE SAFE!

THE REMAING WILLEX
WORKERS STARE . . .

HOLY CATS !
THE MONSTER'S
SPLIT RIGHT
OPEN !

IT...IT'S
MADE OF IRON !
IT'S A PHONY !

COME ON ! LET'S
RUN OVER THERE
AND EXAMINE IT !

SO IT WAS A NAZI
TRICK, EH ? WELL,
THEY'RE ALL DEAD
NOW !

SUDDENLY . . .

LOOK ! THAT -
THAT CLAW'S
MOVING !

AND OUT OF THE WRECKAGE EM-
ERGES . . . THE HANGMAN !

THE NAZIS HAVE FAILED AGAIN ! BUT
THIS TIME WE'RE GOING TO SEND
THEIR WEAPON OF DESTRUCTION RIGHT
BACK TO THEM . . . IN THE FORM OF
BOMBS ! THERE'S ENOUGH SCRAP
METAL HERE TO BLAST BERLIN
OUT OF THIS WORLD !

THE END

DEATH BY REMOTE CONTROL

A HANGMAN STORY

THE reporters from the *Globe*, *Sun-Telegram*, and *Chronicle* poised their pencils. The Hangman was about to make a statement to the District Attorney:

"D.A., I've compiled a list of the criminals who are on the loose . . . and the crimes they're responsible for. I've run up against quite a few," said the Hangman smilingly, "but my memo pad contains those I *haven't* put where they belong! Tomorrow night that list will be in your hands!"

In the labyrinth of the underground, four mobsters nervously puffed at their cigarettes. A crumpled late edition of the *Globe* lay on the table. At last the Slugger spoke:

"Guess it's all up, boys! I'm movin' outta town—you comin' along?"

"You bet," growled one of the gangsters, the Weasel, as he was known.

"Count me in," added Johnnyboy. Johnnyboy looked so young, but his mind was warped with the desire to kill. Often the Slugger had thought his trigger-finger was too itchy; perhaps he'd get rid of Johnnyboy some day.

"I'm with you Slugger," remarked Lucky Lou. "This town ain't gonna be safe if de Hangman hands in my name."

The Slugger rose to his feet, went to the inner room, closed the door behind him . . . and reached for the telephone.

After what seemed an eternity, Slugger came out, a smile on his face.

"I just been speakin' to the Hangman. I know he hangs out with that Thelma Gordon

dame. Well, it's all fixed . . . every man has his price, and the Hangman's gonna be reasonable. I want you boys to pick him up at Triangle Square at eleven tonight. Hey, Johnnyboy, run out and get me a coke, will ya?" As Johnnyboy ran out, the three remaining mobsters stared knowingly at each other, and bent forward, intent upon their plans.

Later, as a white moon picked out the city with milky light, the two beady eyes of the black sedan blinked as it pulled up at the Square. A muscular hooded figure stood under a street-lamp, arms akimbo . . . The Hangman!

Three masked men stepped out of the car. A hasty conversation ensued, and the men allowed themselves to be frisked.

"I hope you don't mind," said the Hangman, "but I want to make sure you lads aren't double-crossing me!"

Satisfied, the Hangman climbed in, followed by the others. The rear door slammed shut, and the black sedan slipped into the night.

Minutes ticked by . . . they were nearing the edge of town. Soon the coast-line darted into view. A hundred yards away stood a deserted light-house on a fringe of rock. The Hangman was aware of the roaring of the surf, hundreds of feet below. The car pulled up.

"Here's de hideout—everybody out!"

"You go wid de Hangman, Johnnyboy," spoke a harsh voice. "We just wanna turn de car round, and we'll be right witta!"

"Sure, Lucky," replied

Johnnyboy. He also wore a mask, but his slight youthful frame was unmistakable.

Suddenly shots pierced the night, blackness enveloped Johnnyboy as he sank to the ground. Grazed, the Hangman whipped about to charge his attackers, when—two more shots flashed towards him. He doubled up on the moist earth.

Lucky Lou and Weasel ran up to where the two bodies lay stretched out! "Too bad we hadda knock off Johnnyboy," remarked the Weasel soberly. "He was a good kid—mebbe he had an itchy trigger-finger, but he was a good kid!"

"Orders is orders," said Lucky Lou laconically. "Slugger says bring 'em out to dis lonely spot, an' bump 'em off together—so's Hangman won't get suspicious—an' we did jus' that! Boy whatta day this'll be for all my pals in town—think of it, Weasel: the Hangman's dead."

"Come on, let's not nang around de Hangman, Lucky! Grab dat memo book Slugger wants, an' let's scram."

The deft fingers of Lucky Lou, ex-pickpocket, and now lock-picker extraordinary, frisked the Hangman's recumbent form.

"I get it!"

"Okay, dump 'em inna sea—both of 'em!"

"We gotcher memo book, Slugger!" cried Weasel, as the pair returned from their mission of murder. "An' de Hangman never got wise we hadda rod hid inna steering-wheel!"

"Hand it over, Weasel," answered Slugger. "What did you do with the bodies?"

"We threw 'em both inna sea, like you told us!"

"S.A.Y! You lousy mugs—this ain't the memo book I want! This is some screwy address-book! Weasel! Get that stupid carcass of yours over to the Hangman's house and search it thoroughly! I'VE GOT TO HAVE THAT BOOK!"

It seemed so easy to gain access to the house. But Weasel had been there three hours, and not a sign of the memo book. If he returned without it, he knew Slugger would deal him out of the game. As it was, Johnnyboy was gone . . . and now—

Suddenly the door swung wide. The Weasel turned, and what met his eyes froze his senses like the grip of an icy hand! For there, dripping with water, and with seaweed hanging from his arms and neck, was the Hangman!

"I've come back from the dead, Weasel!" Chilling words dropped mercilessly upon the terrified Weasel. Slowly the Weasel retreated; there was another door at the far end of the room—he'd escape that way. But as he neared it, the grim harbinger of doom, *the gallows*, flashed across the door. Quaking with fear, the Weasel held his ground.

"Do you know what dying feels like, Weasel?" asked the form of the Hangman. "Hot bullets scorching, your brains numb, and then the long downward fall into the cold, cold water—choking, gasping for life, and finally, life ebbs, and you are a dead, numb, skin-blue husk, churning along with the tide—lifeless!"

Weasel's blood pounded at his temples, his eyes became glazed orbs, his entire body

shook. "I didn't killya, honest, Hangman, honest I didn't! It was Lucky Lou who done it, honest! N-no, don' come any closer, DON'T! I was only obeyin' orders from the Slugger! He wants dat memo book o' yours!" The form of the Hangman advanced, and a hand covered with slime and seaweed extended towards the quaking Weasel. Weasel shrieked, and blindly thrashed his way to the street.

"Get rid of Weasel fast!" muttered Slugger to Lucky Lou after he'd listened to the tale. "Hangman coming back from the dead! This job's just gone to Weasel's head—we can't use him any more." A swift blow on the skull, and Weasel's inert body was strapped onto a chair, his feet placed in a wooden wash-bowl. Cement poured in, and when it had hardened, two shapes carried the unconscious form to the river, and the last the night heard of Weasel was a large splash . . . Weasel was through!

"Where to now, Slugger?" asked Lucky Lou as the pair raced along in their sedan. "State Cemetery, Lucky! I went down to the morgue this morning, and was told a man with the build of the Hangman had been found off shore. Someone claimed the body, and it was buried this afternoon! The Hangman *must* have had that memo book on him! I got to get it!"

The crunch of two spades into the newly filled in earth echoed against the side of a white mausoleum nearby. "This ain't my idea of a pleasant evening," muttered Lucky Lou. "Boy, this place gives me the jitters!"

"DOES IT, LUCKY?" The

metallic coldness of the voice of doom rang out in the darkness. Both thugs stopped their work, holding their breath. An eerie green glow fastened itself to their faces—*the gallows!*

"H-Hangman!" choked the Slugger! "I th-thought you were d-dead!"

"I had on a nice brand of bullet-proof vest, Slugger! And the man who was found in the sea and supposedly buried here—well, the guard at the morgue was an FBI man. I've been on your trail for months!"

"You won't get me!" With the desperation of the doomed, Slugger lunged at the Hangman, his spade swung high. As it crashed down, the Hangman side-stepped neatly . . . and the weapon of iron and wood crunched into Lucky Lou's head. Slugger had killed Lucky Lou!

The Slugger gasped, his hand clenched over his heart: "G-got to g-get that note-book . . . GOT TO!" In an instant Slugger keeled over.

Suddenly the awesome scene was broken by the arrival of the FBI. Slugger opened his eyes, and murmured: "Th-the note-book, where is it?"

"There never was any, Slugger!" replied the Hangman. "But I knew you would come out of hiding if you thought there was one! Fear—fear that your past was catching up to you brought about the deaths of Weasel, Johnnyboy, Lucky Lou, and finally . . . you, Slugger! The noose of the gallows will fit right over your head!"

"N-no, n-not the gallows," whispered Slugger. All at once he gave a little scream, and fell over . . . dead.

ROY and DUSTY The Boy Buddies

SPECIAL
CASE
#7





PUFF PUFF
WE FINALLY GOT
RID OF HER, ROY!
MAYBE SHE
WOULDN'T BE
SO BAD WITH-
OUT GLASSES!

WELL, HERE WE
ARE BACK
AGAIN AT
OUR STAND
AND STILL
SHORT OF
OUR WEEKLY
QUOTA OF
SELLING
WAR BONDS!

YEAH,
WE BETTER
MAKE A REAL
BIG SALE ...
AND VERY
SOON, TOO!

YOU
KNOW
WHAT?
LET'S GO
TO OLD MAN
POPPINS'
HIS OFFICE
IS RIGHT
THERE!

HMM...NOT A BAD
IDEA, ONLY I UN-
DERSTAND IT'S
HARDER TO SEE
THAT MAGNATE
THAN THE PRES-
IDENT! BUT I'M
GAME!

MEANWHILE AT
J. P. POPPINS'
OFFICE...

MR. POPPINS, TWO
BOYS ARE HERE
TO SEE YOU ABOUT
BUYING SOMETHING
OR OTHER!

WHU...WHAT'S
THAT? HARUMPH!

PROBABLY
NOTHING BUT CHARITIES
AND THINGS LIKE THAT.
EVERY TIME SOMEBODY
WANTS TO SEE ME HE
ALSO WANTS SOMETHING
FOR NOTHING! TELL
THEM I'M IN
CONFERENCE!

VERY WELL,
MR. POPPINS!

NOW WHAT
WAS I SAYING,
GENTLEMEN?

SORRY, BOYS,
YOU CAN'T SEE
MR. POPPINS
TODAY! MAYBE
SOME OTHER
DAY!

WHAT?
WHY?

AV, SHUCKS!

BUT, MISS,
WE MUST
SEE HIM! IT'S
VERY IMPORTANT
TO US...MR.
POPPINS IS
VERY INFLU-
ENTIAL AND
WE FEEL...

OH, OH!
DUCK, DUSTY!
HERE COMES
TROUBLE
AGAIN!

OH, HALLOO,
BOYS. WHAT ARE
YOU DOING HERE?
LOOK, MISS, WILL
YOU STOP FOLLOWING
US AROUND? YOU
THANKED US ONCE...
THAT'S ENOUGH!

TOO MUCH,
I'D SAY!



WELL, LOOK AT THAT!
SHE'S GOT SOME NERVE,
DUSTY, GOING STRAIGHT
INTO THE PRIVATE
OFFICE...

WHY CAN SHE
GO IN UNANNOUNCED
AND WE CAN'T
EVEN SEE MR.
POPPINS?

PRIVATE
JUST THIS MORNING
BREND...



LATER...

HELLO! YOU
BOYS STILL
WAITING? I
NOT FOR ME.
THAT'S
SURE!

THAT'S WHERE
YOU'RE DEAD
WRONG; YOU'RE
JUST THE ONE
WE'RE WAIT-
ING FOR!

SURE,
WE WANT
YOU TO
HELP US
SELL YOUR
DAD WAR
BONDS!

OH, WHAT A SPLENDID
IDEA! I'LL HELP YOU ALL
RIGHT! IN FACT I'LL DO MORE
THAN THAT. NOW HERE'S A
WAY FOR US TO SELL WAR
BONDS — NOT ONLY TO DAD, BUT
ALSO TO OUR
FAMILY
AND
FRIENDS!

AND SO, DAYS OF FEVERISH
ACTIVITY ENSUE, WITH THE
BOY BUDDIES BUSY IN
THE BARN OF THE POP-
PINS ESTATE, AND
MARY SENDING OUT
INVITATIONS. THEN,
ONE DAY...



HOW QUANT, AGATHA!
I WONDER WHAT
MAXWELL! I HAD
UP HIS SLEEVE?
POINTERMENT WITH THE
DUKE AND DUCHESS
TO ATTEND!

I DON'T KNOW.
TO CANCEL MY AP.
POINTERMENT WITH THE
DUKE AND DUCHESS
TO ATTEND!

MY WORD!
IS THIS
THE "GALA"
ENTERTAIN-
MENT POPPINS
SPOKE OF IN
HIS INVITATION?

LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN, FOR
OUR FIRST NUMBER
WE PROUDLY
PRESENT THE
ONE AND ONLY...

SMART
THE
ADDING HORSE



WHILE BACKSTAGE...
PLEASE, DUSTY, I
DISTINCTLY REMEMBER
THAT YOU YOURSELF
WANTED TO
PLAY THE
BACK OF
THE HORSE!

NO NO! I DID
NOT! YOU SAID
YOU WOULD
TAKE THE
BACK!

AND NOW
SMARTO WILL
MAKE HIS
ENTRANCE!

ALL RIGHT! YOU GET THE
FRONT AND I'LL HANDLE THE
REAR. BUT DON'T FORGET - ONE
FALSE MOVE AND WE'LL
CHANGE PLACES!

AND HERE IS SMARTO,
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...
THE ONE AND ONLY ADDING
HORSE WHO WILL SURPRISE
YOU WITH HIS TRICKS!
SAY "HELLO" TO YOUR
AUDIENCE, SMARTO!

HELLO,
FOLKS!

GO AHEAD,
SMARTO, TAKE
A BOW!

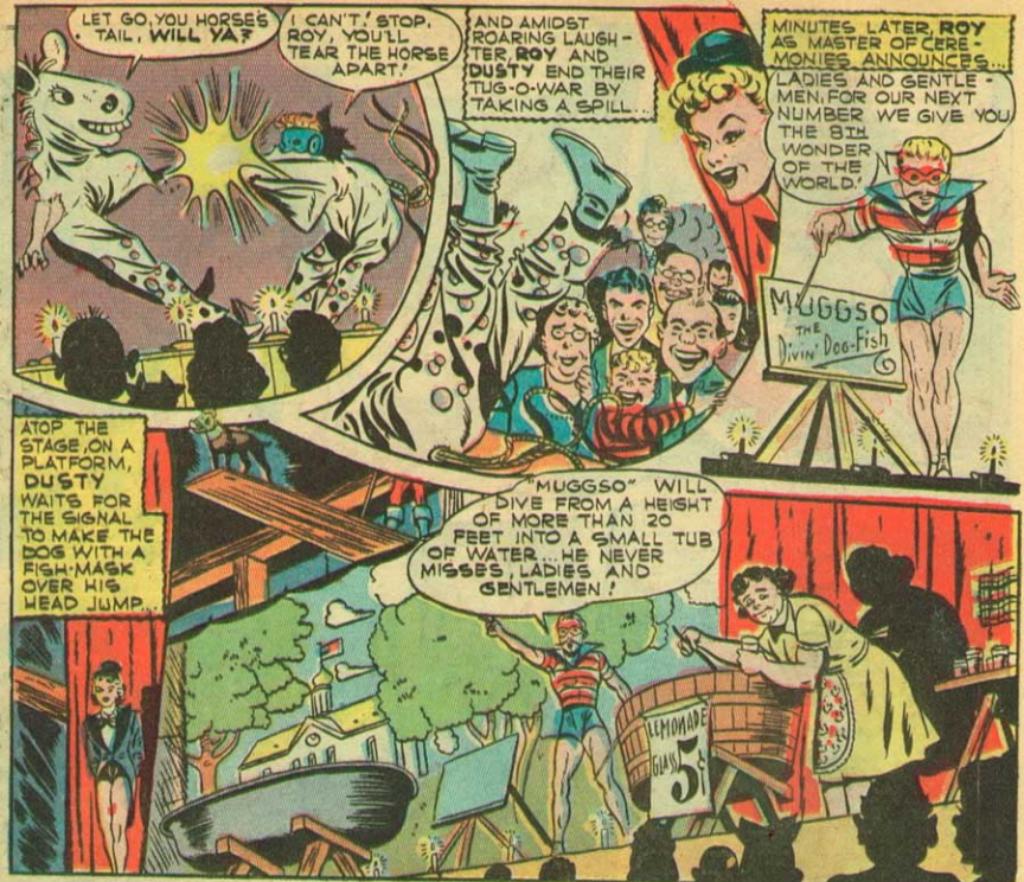
WHILE MARY
PUTS SMARTO THROUGH
HIS PACES, ROY AND
DUSTY CHOKE AND
STRUGGLE TO KEEP THEIR
HORSE IN SHAPE...

WATCH OUT,
ROY! WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?

ALL RIGHT,
WISE GUY,
TAKE THAT!

OH MY! WHAT
ARE YOU BOYS
DOING? NOW LOOK
WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOUR HORSE!

WHEN THEY FINALLY STRUGGLE
TO THEIR FEET, THE HORSE
IS ALL TWISTED...





WITH A LOUD SHRIEK, MRS. RICHITCH BACKS AWAY FROM THE SPRAY, AND.....

WHY, YOU STUPID CLUMSY BRATS!... YOU'VE RUINED THE LEMONADE, AND.... OOF!

CLANG

HURRY UP, ROY, GRAB THE TUB! OOOOH! LOOK, MRS. RICHITCH IS GETTING ALL WET!

HALP

HA HA HA.
THAT'S THE FUN-
NIEST THING I'VE EVER
SEEN. MRS. RICHITCH TAKING
A SHOWER WITH HER CLOTHES
ON!

SOB SOB OH, MY GOSH! THAT'S
THE END! ...WHAT A
FLOP WE MADE OF IT...WHAT
A MESS...AND THE AUDIENCE
IS GETTING UP TO LEAVE!

WOOF
WOOF
WOOF

LEMONADE
\$5



LISTEN, EVERYBODY, DON'T LEAVE YET! BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS HERE!

THAT'S WHY WE GAVE YOU THIS SHOW!

BUT WAR BONDS STAMPS HERE!!!

BUT, MARY, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?

WE WANTED TO SURPRISE YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS DADDY!

LINE FORMS ON THE RIGHT, FOLKS! PUT YOUR MONEY IN HERE ... THANK YOU AND THANK YOU!



MARY AND THE BOY BUDDIES DO A WHALE OF A BUSINESS, SELLING ALMOST ALL THEIR SUPPLY OF STAMPS AND BONDS...

LET ME HAVE TEN OF THESE!

TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO, BOYS! JUST BECAUSE I HAD SUCH A SWELL TIME, I'LL BUY ALL YOU HAVE LEFT!

SEEING MRS. RICHITCH DOING A SOMERSAULT WAS WORTH MORE THAN THAT!



WELL, FOLKS, WE HOPE YOU, TOO, LIKED OUR LITTLE SHOW! WE SURE DID OUR BEST!

AND FOR A GOOD CAUSE, TOO!

YES, MARY, YOU SAID IT! HOW'S ABOUT IT, GANG? BUY BONDS TO BEAT THE BUND AND STAMPS TO LICK THE AXIS! LET'S GIVE AS MUCH AS WE CAN BECAUSE WE WILL, WE MUST BEAT THE AXIS!

DO YOUR SHARE TODAY! BUY RIGHT NOW UNTIL IT HURTS!

WOOF WOOF MEANING IT CAN'T HURT YOU AS MUCH AS IT DOES HITLER!



The END

JUNIOR FLYING CORPS



MEMBERSHIP LIST

RAY SANCHEZ 915 N.22 ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.
ART SCHILLER 2924 PULASKI, CHICAGO, ILL.
BILL SMITH 320 S. 44 ST. PHILA., PA.
W. SOELLNER 281 NORTWOOD, RIVERSIDE, ILL.
LEORA SQUIRES, BOX 584, FORSYTH, MONT.
D. THOMSEN, 1744 59TH SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
D. THOMPSON, 55 RICHARD, PASSAIC, N.J.
J. THOMPSON, 55 RICHARD, PASSAIC, N.J.
JOHN TORBET, SUMMITVILLE, COLORADO
PERCY VALLEY, RT. 1, BOX 36 BARTON, V.T.
D. VOGEL 1234 JEFFERSON AY.
HUNTINGTON, W. VIRGINIA
HERB WAYS 770 PINE, CAMDEN, N.J.
JOAN WHITE 17 N. CHESTER, BALTIMORE

MELVIN ADLER 906 E 173 ST. N.Y. CITY
JADONIA ANTEPI, PLEASANTVILLE
COLLEGE SCHOOL, PLEASANTVILLE, N.Y.
WM. ARNETT, BOX 463, RT. 1, OSWEGO, ORE
MILTON BECK, 39 W. MAIN ST. ADAMSTOWN, PA.
JIM BENEDON, 1379 TELLER AY. BRONX, N.Y.
HERB BLITZ, 2635 S. SHERIDAN, PHILA., PA.
SELMA BRILL, 11 N. CHESTER, BALTIMORE, MD.
BRUCE BROWN, 2200 AV. A, BEAUMONT, TEXAS
GUS CAITO JR 1517 N. 14 ST ST LOUIS, MO.
FRANK DEFE, 418 VALLEYBROOK, LYNDHURST, N.J.
ALAN COHAN, 683 LENOX RD BROOKLYN, N.Y.
WM. EGAN, 176 MORELAND, MIDLAND BEACH, S.I., N.Y.
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HERE'S HOW YOU JOIN: WRITE YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND AGE
ON A PENNY POSTCARD OR LETTER, AND MAIL IT TO **JUNIOR
FLYING CORPS**, ROOM 315, 50 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK CITY.
THEN WATCH **HANGMAN COMICS** FOR YOUR NAME
ON THE MEMBERSHIP LIST.

COME ON, GANG! KEEP THIS CLUB **GROWING!**

ROY AND DUSTY THE BOY BUDDIES

Special
Case

#7

WERE YOU EVER STOPPED BY A SIDE-WALK PHOTOGRAPHER WHO SNAPPED YOUR PICTURE AS YOU WALKED DOWN THE STREET TOWARD HIM? WELL, IF THIS OCCURRED AND YOU TOOK THE CAMERAMAN UP ON HIS OFFER TO SELL YOU THE PHOTO HE'D JUST TAKEN, ALL THAT PROBABLY HAPPENED WAS THAT YOU GOT A PRETTY BAD PHOTO

BUT THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT ROY OR DUSTY. EXCITEMENT SEEMS TO FOLLOW THEM AROUND. READ ON AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY'RE STOPPED BY A SIDEWALK PHOTOGRAPHER...

AS THE BOY BUDDIES WALK TOWARD THE TREASURY BUILDING TO HAND IN FUNDS THEY COLLECTED IN THE SALE OF DEFENSE STAMPS AND BONDS...

HEY,
DUSTY.
LOOK!

WELL, WHADDYA
KNOW! THAT
GUY'S TAKING
OUR PICTURE!



HERE Y'ARE, KIDS 'SEND TWO BITS TO THE ADDRESS ON THIS CARD AND YOU'LL RECEIVE THE SWELL PICTURE I TOOK OF YOU IN THOSE MASQUERADE COSTUMES...OH, OH. GRAB THIS CARD, WILL YA, KIDS & THERE'S MORE BUSINESS!

SUDDENLY...
HEY, DOWN THERE! STOP THAT MAN! HE'S A NAZI SPY!

NOW LOOK PRETTY, MISTER! I'M TAKING YOUR PICTURE!

GET AWAY FROM ME! I DON'T VANT MY PICTURE TAKEN! GET AWAY!



HEAR THAT, ROY? WATCH ME STOP THE GUY!

GO TO IT, DUSTY! I'LL HANDLE THE FOLLOW-THROUGH!

THE NAZI RIPS A KNIFE FROM HIS POCKET OUT OF MY WAY. BRAT! I'LL FIX YOU!



ROY LEAPS FORWARD...

DON'T YOU KNOW IT ISN'T GOOD MANNERS TO PULL KNIVES ON PEOPLE?

PULL THE EMERGENCY CORD, MISTER! THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO!

SOMEBODY MIGHT GET OFFENDED AND PUT YOU RIGHT WHERE YOU BELONGS!



THE BOY BUDDIES SEIZE SOME TIRES,
AND GO QUICKLY TO WORK...

I ALWAYS
DID SAY
TIRE-ROLLING
IS FUN!

WELL, HERE'S
ONE MORE SABOTEUR
WHO DIDN'T SUCCEED
IN HIS ROTTEN
CAREER. THE
PLANS ARE
RIGHT IN HIS
POCKET!

FUNNY - HIS TRYING TO STEAL THOSE PLANS! HE MUST HAVE KNOWN HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE OF GETTING AWAY WITH THEM!... WELL, THANKS, BOYS, FOR STOPPING HIM! THE PLANS ARE PLENTY IMPORTANT TO OUR DEFENSE PROGRAM!

ALL RIGHT,
BUD - MOVE!
AND DON'T
TRY ANYTHING!

I'LL GO QUIETLY.
HEH, HEH, HEH! I'LL
BE GLAD TO GO
ALONG WITH YOU...
NOW!

DARNED IF I KNOW... HOLY
CATS! I GET IT! NO WONDER
THAT PHOTOGRAPHER
BEAT IT AWAY IN SUCH A
HURRY! NOW WHERE'S
THAT CARD HE GAVE US?

MINUTES LATER...

WELL,
THIS IS IT,
DUSTY!

YEAH! BUT WE'D
BETTER NOT GO
IN WEARING OUR
UNIFORMS. LET'S
VISIT THAT PAWN
SHOP ACROSS
THE STREET!

SURE,
BOYS! I
FIX YOU
UP FINE!

JUST OUR LUCK!
VISITORS AT A TIME
LIKE THIS! I TOLD
YOU TO LOCK
DER SHOP!

DON'T WORRY,
KULLMAN! I'LL
GET RID OF
DEM!



QUOT! VE ARE CLOSED HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!
FOR DER DAY! COME THESE CAPS AND
BACK TOMORROW! GOWNS WERE HIRED
FOR OUR GRADUATION
TODAY, AND WE HAVE TO
RETURN 'EM SOON!

AND FURTHERMORE, THE
CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT.
WE WANT OUR PICTURES
TAKEN NOW-AND YOU'VE
GOT TO TAKE 'EM NOW!
YOU HEAR? I DEMAND
THAT YOU TAKE OUR
PICTURES RIGHT
THIS MINUTE!

VED BETTER
TAKE THE
PICTURES,
KULLMAN! DER
BRAT'S MAKING
SO MUCH NOISE
DOT DER POLICE...

ALL RIGHT!
ALL RIGHT!
TAKE DER
PICTURES -
BUT MAKE
IT SNAPPY!

I'LL POSE
FIRST... AND
BE CAREFUL
WITH MY PICTURE!
WATCH THE HIGHLIGHTS
AND THE SHADOWS... AND THE
UM - HIGHLIGHTS!

ATTABOY,
ROY! YOU
KEEP 'EM
BUSY WHILE
I CRUISE
AROUND!

QUICKLY DUSTY MOVES
INTO A DARK CORNER,
REMOVES THE CAP AND
GOWN, AND HUNTS UNTIL
HMM - STAIRS! LET'S SEE
WHERE THEY LEAD TO...

... DARKROOM, EH?
THAT'S JUST WHAT
I'VE BEEN LOOKING
FOR!

NOW TO
HAVE A LOOK IN
THERE! I SURE
HOPE THIS DOOR
DOESN'T SQUEAK!

WELL, LOOK
WHO'S HERE -
THE SIDEWALK
PHOTOGRAPHER
HIMSELF! LET'S
SEE IF I CAN
HEAR WHAT HE
AND THAT OTHER
GUY ARE
SAYING!



NO, NO - YOU'VE GOT IT ALL
WRONG. TURN MY FACE
TO THE LEFT -- NO, NO, NOT
QUITE THAT MUCH -- WAIT
MORE TO THE
RIGHT AGAIN!

AND DOWNSTAIRS...
GOOT! DER PHOTOGRAPHS OF DER
PLANS ARE PERFECT. UND DER
STUPID F.B.I. MEN VILL NEVER
GUESS DOT OUR MAN DELIBERATE
LY SACRIFICED HIMSELF SO
THAT YE COULD GET THESE!

SEE? I
TOLD YOU IT
WAS A GOOD
IDEA!

IT'S JUST AS
I THOUGHT!
WHY, THE
DIRTY SAB-
OTEURS....
THAT GUY
NEAR THE
TREASURY
WASN'T HIDING
HIS FACE... HE
WAS HOLDING
UP THOSE PLANS
SO THAT THE
PHOTOGRAPHER
COULD TAKE A
PICTURE OF THEM
THAT CAMERA-
MAN ONLY TOOK
A PICTURE OF
ROY AND ME
TO AVERT
SUSPICION!

MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS...

I'M GONNA GET ROY AND WELL
MOP UP THE WHOLE DIRTY BUNCH
OF 'EM... HEY! WHAT'S THAT?

THAT OIL
CAN'LL PROBAB-
LY BRING 'EM
RUNNING; I'D
BETTER GET
ON THIS
CRATE...

...FOR JUST
SUCH A PURPOSE
AS...

BOP

THIS!!

IT'S JUST AS
I THOUGHT!
WHY, THE
DIRTY SAB-
OTEURS....
THAT GUY
NEAR THE
TREASURY
WASN'T HIDING
HIS FACE... HE
WAS HOLDING
UP THOSE PLANS
SO THAT THE
PHOTOGRAPHER
COULD TAKE A
PICTURE OF THEM
THAT CAMERA-
MAN ONLY TOOK
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WASN'T HIDING
HIS FACE... HE
WAS HOLDING
UP THOSE PLANS
SO THAT THE
PHOTOGRAPHER
COULD TAKE A
PICTURE OF THEM
THAT CAMERA-
MAN ONLY TOOK
A PICTURE OF
ROY AND ME
TO AVERT
SUSPICION!

YES SIR! I ALWAYS
SAY THE BEST
DEFENSE IS AN
OFFENSE!

AND BACK UPSTAIRS
ACH - YOU ARE
DRIVING US
CRAAAAZY!

BUT I ONLY WANT
TO MAKE SURE
THAT YOU GET
MY PICTURE
RIGHT!



BUT BEFORE THE
NAZI CAN PULL THE
TRIGGER, DUSTY
WHIRLS, AND...

SO
DOT'S
IT!
FIX
HIM
QUICK!



SUDDENLY...

ALL RIGHT!
DROP THOSE GUNS!
THIS IS THE
POLICE!

BOOM



YAH:
YAH: WE
DROP
OUR GUNS!

YAH!
DON'T
SHOOT!

VOT...?

I'LL
TAKE THAT
GUN!

GET THE MITTS UP...HIGH!
ALL RIGHT, ROY, YOU CAN
TURN THE LIGHTS ON
NOW!

BOY
OBOY! AM I
GRATEFUL TO
THE INVENTOR
OF FLASHLIGHT
BULBS!

DAILY SPIES CA BY BOY B

Many La
Laguna, the pres
Lake Mohave to
alleviate the
water shortage. Major
12-mile canal
is to be
needed in the
future, at only \$1
million dollars.

BOYS AND GIRLS,
YOU'VE JUST SEEN
HOW ROY AND I
CLEANED OUT A
NEST OF NAZI
SABOTEURS.
NOW HERE'S
YOUR CHANCE
TO GET INTO
THE FIGHT!

25
WAR
DEFENSE
BOND

YES, BOYS
AND GIRLS!
HERE'S YOUR
CHANCE TO
HELP SMASH
THE JAPS
AND NAZIS
BY BUYING
WAR STAMPS
AND BONDS!
TAKE EVERY
SPARE CENT
YOU'VE GOT
AND BUY
YOURSELF A SHARE
IN AMERICA!

The BOY BUDDIES

ROY and DUSTY



DON'T LET THIS STORY HAPPEN!

WE'RE LOSING THE WAR. THE GERMANS ARE SHOOTING DOWN OUR PLANES... SINKING OUR SHIPS... KILLING OUR SOLDIERS. WE'VE ONLY A RAGGED HANDFUL OF MEN LEFT IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY, NAVY, AND MARINE CORPS... A HANDFUL OF MEN AGAINST GERMAN MILLIONS. SLOWLY BUT SURELY, THE NAZIS ARE ADVANCING ON OUR SHORES. THEY'VE BOMBED OUR CITIES TIME AND AGAIN. WE CAN'T WIN. WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE AGAINST THEM...

by
Scott
Feldman

ONE NIGHT AS THE BOY BUDDIES SNATCH A FEW HOURS OF SLEEP IN THEIR NEW YORK APARTMENT...

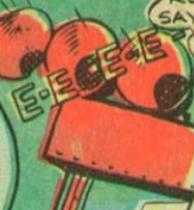
ROY! ROY! GET UP!
THE SIREN'S GOING AGAIN!

ANOTHER AIR RAID! THIS IS THE FOURTH ONE THIS WEEK!

LISTEN TO THOSE PLANES.

ROY, I-I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT WE'RE ... NOT DOING SO GOOD!

DON'T TALK ABOUT IT, DUSTY! LET'S GO DOWN-STAIRS AND SEE IF WE CAN HELP WITH THE GUNS!



WOO-E-E-

BUT THIS IS THE FINAL RAID ON NEW YORK, FOR ALONG WITH THE PLANES...

...COME SWARMS OF NAZI SOLDIERS THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF KILLERS TO WIPE OUT THE REMAINING AMERICAN MEN...

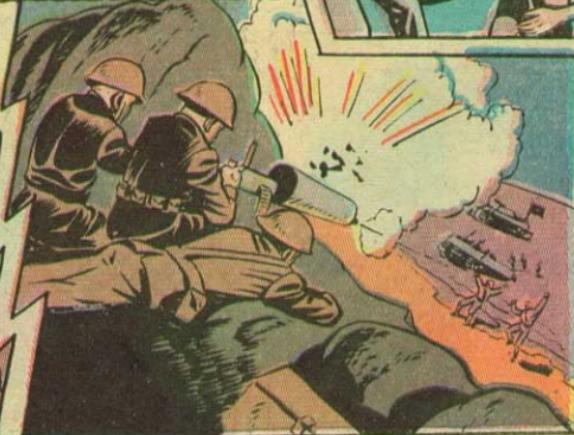


BY THE FORCE OF NUMBERS, THE NAZIS CRUSH FORWARD...

FOR EVERY NAZI WHO FALLS, FIVE MORE COME UP TO TAKE HIS PLACE...



KILL DEM!
KILL DEM!
WE MUST TAKE NEW YORK!



AND WITH THE BOY BUDDIES...

WHAT'LL WE DO
NOW, DUSTY? THESE
ARE OUR LAST
SHELLS!

FINALLY, THE COMMANDING OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN ARMY CONFER...

WELL--THIS
IS...IT!

I GUESS IT
IS, TOM. WE'RE
THROUGH...

DO? IS THERE
ANYTHING WE
CAN DO?

HOURS LATER, GENERAL VON
SHMUTZ TAKES OVER...

THE FLAG OF SURRENDER
GOES UP OVER CITY HALL...

THIS ISS A VERY
COMFORTABLE
CHAIR, MAYOR. I
KNEW DOT I
VOULD BE SIT-
TING IN IT SOONER
OR LATER.

I HAF IT ALL PLANNED.
FIRST I VILL TAKE ALL DER
JEWIS UND CATHOLICS UND
PUT DEM IN A CENTRAL
CONCENTRATION
CAMP...

ALL RIGHT,
GENERAL--
YOU'VE WON!
WHAT IS YOUR
FIRST MOVE AS
HEAD OF THIS
CITY?

BUT--BUT
YOU CAN'T DO
THAT! YOU
CAN'T!

VOT? YOU
QUESTION
MY PLANS?
LIEUTENANT
TAKE CARE
OF HIM!



DAYS LATER, THE BOY BUDDIES MOVE SILENTLY ALONG ALLEYS AND SIDE PASSES...

EASY, NOW...
EASY! IF THOSE KRAUTS SEE US, WELL NEVER GET TO THE SHIELD AND THE WIZARD!

GEE, I HOPE THEY'RE STILL... ALIVE! THEY'RE THE ONLY ONES TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS MESS!

SUDDENLY, NAZI TRUCKS ROLL ONTO THE ROAD AHEAD OF THEM...

AND FROM BEHIND A BUSH...

OKAY PETE... LET'S GO!



WE HAVE'NT HAD OUR SHARE OF THE FIGHTING, NAZIS. WE'RE GONNA KNOCK OFF A FEW OF YOU BEFORE WE GO!



THE BOY BUDDIES LEAP FORWARD...

THIS IS FOR STARTING TO USE A BAYONET ON A DYING MAN!



BUT DUSTY HAS FINISHED WITH THE BAYONETTING GERMAN...

NO, I'LL FIX YOU PAL!

LET'S GET GOING, ROY! WE'VE DONE SOME DAMAGE ANYHOW...

RIGHT THROUGH THIS ALLEY, IT LETS OUT INTO ANOTHER STREET!

I'M WITH YOU, ROY!

AND AS THE NAZIS RUN UP...

TAKE THIS IN A JUMP THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND US!

ACH! I'M FALLING!

WATCH OUT!

A MINUTE LATER FROM OUT OF ANOTHER PILE OF RUBBISH...

CLOSER THAN YOU THINK! ONE OF THOSE GUYS AL-

WHEW, MOST STEP-PED ON MY HEAD!

DOT ACCURSED RUBBISH SLOWED US UP! DER BRATS ARE NOWHERE IN SIGHT!

VAIT! VE MUSTN'T GIFT UP TOO EASILY. DEY MUST BE SOMEWHERE IN THE STREET OR DER END OF DER ALLEY!



AS THEY CONTINUE TO HEAD TOWARD THE HOME OF THE SHIELD AND THE WIZARD THEY SEE SUDDENLY...

T-THAT'S ALL RIGHT, DAD! I'M NOT HUNGRY--MUCH!

MISTER, WE'VE BEEN KIND OF KEEPING IN THE SHADOWS FOR THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS...AND I GUESS WE'RE NOT UP ON THINGS! WHY DO YOU HAVE TO EAT OUT OF BAR-B-QUE?

I'LL TELL YOU WHY, MY BOY. I'M A JEW! I WAS A PROFESSOR AT THE UNIVERSITY BEFORE THE NAZIS TOOK OVER. THEY THREW ME OUT OF MY HOUSE, LEAVING US WITHOUT FOOD...



AND IN DUSTY-STEAR-FILLED EYE IS REFLECTED, FROM ACROSS THE STREET... A BURNING CHURCH...

WEARILY THEY CONTINUE TO SNEAK ALONG THE STREETS, WHEN...



THE.... THE YANKEE STADIUM! WHERE WE USED TO SEE ALL THOSE SWELL BASEBALL GAMES!

FINALLY THEY REACH THE APARTMENT OF THE SHIELD, AND THE WIZARD...

WELL, THE BUILDING'S ALL IN ONE PIECE, DUSTY!

THAT'S ONE BIT OF LUCK. KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED THAT THE SHIELD AND THE WIZARD ARE OKAY, TOO!

GEE, IT SOUNDS AWFULLY QUIET IN THERE!

WELL, OPEN IT, WILL-YA! OPEN IT! DONT JUST S-STAND THERE!

GOOD GLORY!



GOOT EVENING, BOYS!
COME RIGHT IN! YOU VILL
BE HAPPY TO KNOW DOT YOUR
FRIENDS DER SHIELD UND
DER WIZARD PUT UP A
FIGHT UND VE VERE FORCED
TO KILL DEM.....HANS, DO
AS YOU VERE INSTRUCTED!

DIS TIME VE'RE MAKING
SURE DOT YOU VONT
ESCAPE!

THE BOY BUDDIES ARE TAKEN
IMMEDIATELY BEFORE A NAZI
JUDGE...

DESE TWO
HAVE
BEEN AR-
RESTED FOR
TREASON
AGAINST DER
GOVERNMENT!

TAKE DEM
BEFORE A
FIRING SQUAD
NEAT
CASE!

BUT YOU
HAVEN'T EVEN
HEARD THE
EVIDENCE!

TAKE
POSE
WHINING
BRATS
OUT OF
HERE!

THEY'RE KILLING US!
THEY'RE KILLING
US! THEY'RE...
THEY'RE...

NOT ANOTHER
WORD, PAL. LETS
GET DOWN TO
OUR BOND COUNT-
ER AT ONCE!

A CAR BACKFIRING! WHY,
TH--THE WHOLE THING
WAS A DREAM!

DON'T FOOL YOUR
SELF, READER--IT
CAN HAPPEN HERE!
DON'T LET IT
HAPPEN! BUY WAR
STAMPS AND BONDS
NOW!

BUY U.S.
BONDS
NOW!

...AND I DREAMED
THAT THE
NAZIS HAD
TAKEN OVER
NEW YORK
AND KILLED
THE SHIELD
AND THE
WIZARD,
AND...

THE END

CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE!

Get it the American Way



32 PC.
DINNER
SET

Girls!
Boys!
Get this fine
"ROSE" DIN-
NER SET for mother. Sell only
one order. Sent Ex-
pression
Collect

NEW
CANDID TYPE CAMERA

Easy to focus, quick in operation.
Given for selling only one order.



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love this FULL
SIZE TOILET &
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order.



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Boys! Don't miss the
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Electric Game.



Boys!
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Get this
famous
Chemistry Set,
without
cost.

U. S. ARMY
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A WONDERFUL
BOY'S PRIZE

Belt, holster and army Colt Re-
protype cap pistol. Given for
selling only one order.



"CHEMCRAFT" CHEMISTRY SET. Hours
of instructive fun. Given for selling
only one order.



WRIST WATCH for boys,
girls, men & women. Given
for selling only
one order, plus 75¢
extra.



ELECTRIC
MOVIE OUTFIT
with film. Given for selling only one order,
plus 50¢ extra. Show movies at home.

GENE
AUTRY
COMPLETE
HOLSTER SET



VICTORY WATCH & FOB
Newest type watch with
track dial & red second
indicator. Sell only
one order.

You can be a
straightshootin'
cowboy with this Gene
Autry holster, cap
pistol, handkerchief
and hat. All given for selling
only one order of Xmas
Packs.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 733 LANCASTER, PA.

Please send me your Big Prize Catalog and one
order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10¢
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My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

Street Address
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GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY "AMERICAN" WAY!

BOYS! GIRLS! Do like thousands of others. Get swell prizes
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It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends,
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money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Catalog.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize
Catalog—tell us what prize you want. SEND NO MONEY—
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with Dictionary
Gene Autry Guitar